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# The Nutella Monster



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## Chapter 1 by Chloe Martin

It was a normal day, at least I thought it was. I came downstairs at 7, like I did every morning. Mother was making eggs, but I didn't want simple eggs... I wanted nutella. I reached into the box holding that white creamy color of bread. Oh how I love bread with nutella on it, it's the only thing that is keeping me alive. My mother doesn't know I hold many secrets deep down inside of me like the bottom of a Nutella jar.

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